Exit with the Armourers man.

Now sir whats yours?let me see it,
VVhats here?
A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke for inclosing the commons of long Melford.
How now sir knaue?

1 Peti. I beseech your grace to pardon mee, I am but a messenger for the whole towne-ship

He teares the papers.

Suffolke. So now show your petition to Duke Humphrey.
Villaines get ye gone, and come not neare the Court,
Dare these pesants write against me thus?

exeunt Petitioners.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke,you may see by this,
The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke,
That seekes to him more then to King Henry,
VVhose eies are alwaies poring on his booke,
And ne're regards the honour of his name,
But still must be protected like a child,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That scarce will moue his cap nor speake to vs,
And his prowd wife,high minded Elanor,
That ruffles it with such a troope of ladies,
As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene.
The other day she vaunted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worst gowne,
*W*as worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,
Can any griefe of mind be like to this?
I tell thee *Poole* when thou didst runne at Tilt,
And stolst away our ladies hearts in France,
I thought King Henry had beene like to thee,
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

Suffolk. Madame,content your selfe a little while,
As I was cause of your comming to England,
So wil I in England work your ful content:
And as for prowd Duke Humphrey and his wife,
I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,

1—What yours—9 petitions—

As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.
But stay madame,here comes the King.

Enter King Henry,and the Duke of York and the Duke of Somerset on both sides of the King, whispering with him: and enter Duke Humphrey, Dame Elnor, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earle of Salsbury, the Earle of Warwicke, and the Cardinall of Winchester.

King. My lords, I care not who be Regent in Fraunce, or Yorke,or Somerset,alls one to me.

Yorke. My lord,if Yorke haue ill demeande himselfe,
Let Somerset enioy his place,and go to France.

Som. Then whom your grace thinke worthy,let him goe,
And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

Warwicke Whom soeuer you account worthy,
Yorke is the worthiest.

Cardinall. Peace *Warwicke*, giue thy betters leaue to speak.

War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this place are thy betters farre.

War. And *Warwicke* may liue to be the best of all.

Queen. My Lord,in mine opinion,it were best that Somerset were regent ouer France.

Humph. Madame,our King is old enough himselfe,
To giue his answer without your consent.

Queen. If he be bold enough,what needes your grace
To be protector ouer him so long?

Humph. Madame,I am but Protector ouer the land,
And when it please his grace,I will resigne my charge.

Suffolk. Resigne it then,for since that thou wast King,
As who is King but thee? the common state
Doth (as we see,) all wholy go to wracke,
And millions of treasure hath beene spent,
And as for the Regent ship of France,
I say Somerset is more worthy than Yorke.

Yorke. Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthy,
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

9—all's wonne to— 23 if he be old enough